

Toluca, 2 de febrero de 1948.

R.P. Luis Ellacuría, C.M.F.,
Compton, Calif.

Mi muy amado Padre:

No me cabe duda que Nuestro Señor le inspira a V.R. cómo y cuándo ha de escribirme, pues su última me llegó precisamente el último día de nuestros Ejercicios, que tuvimos a fines del mes pasado. Las cartas de V.R. me proporcionan gran consuelo y alegría y se adaptan muy bien a las necesidades de mi espíritu, por lo cual le suplico muy encarecidamente que no deje, aunque no sea muy frecuentemente, de escribirme y considerarme como su hijo espiritual, pues en realidad lo soy por muchísimos conceptos.

Con miras a tener, si no un director espiritual, a lo menos un confesor de toda mi confianza, comencé a confesarme con un anciano pasionista -pues aquí los hay-, el Padre Liborio. Lo conocí en el Sanatorio donde digo Misa, se confesó algunas veces conmigo y pude darme cuenta de su fervor y piedad; además ha sido Maestro de Novicios en su Orden. Lo que me atrae más en él es su sencillez y cierta especie de candor, que parecería extraña a su edad. Para que mejor me conozca, le he estado dando por escrito una relación de mi vida desde que tengo uso de razón hasta el presente. Desafortunadamente para mí, sale con frecuencia a Misiones y ahora está ausente; en ellas se pescó la hernia de que lo operaron y mucho me temo, como me ha dicho su Superior, que "acabe por reventar", pues no domina su fervor y entusiasmo en los sermones.

El día último del pasado año, dije la Misa que me ha producido mayor devoción después de la primera. ¿Sabe V.R. dónde? Pues en la Cárcel de Toluca. Fue en una mesa que casi me llegaba a las rodillas, rodeado de publicanos y pecadores y al final de la Misa noté que me empezaban a invadir los manteles ciertos huéspedes indeseables. ¿Con qué fervor y compasión les prediqué! Sentía que Nuestro Señor estaba a sus anchas y yo también.. Pida mucho porque podamos seguirles haciendo bien a esos pobrecitos.

Otra gracia que Nuestro Señor me ha hecho, es darme la dirección -si así puede llamarse, pues desde que la confesé una vez me ha pedido que lo siga haciendo- de un alma que considero realmente privilegiada. Y no es que vaya por ningún camino extraordinario, sino por el sólido y seguro de la Cruz: se trata de una pobre señora que padece hace largos años de reumatismo y ahora tiene las piernas convertidas en dos llagas y dolores de pies a cabeza. No tiene más consuelo que la comunión diaria que he empezado a llevarle con ayuda de los PP. Mena y Camacho y cada confesión es para mí toda una conferencia espiritual, en la que aprendo a ver lo que es pureza de alma, amor de Dios, paciencia y alegría en el sufrimiento. Estoy cierto que es un alma víctima y le

he aconsejado que se ofrezca como tal al Amor Misericordioso y que se una constantemente a la inmolación sacramental de Nuestro Señor. Como ve V.R., más me dirige ella a mí que yo a ella y no me cabe duda que ello es otro rasgo de la infinita Misericordia de Nuestro Señor en favor de mi alma. Esta es la segunda alma de esta especie que me ha tocado encontrar desde que vine a Toluca y a la primera la sepulté no hace mucho y la considero como una de mis protectoras en el Cielo. ¿Qué bueno es Dios! ¿verdad?

Hace poco encontré al Señor Martínez en una Asamblea de Jóvenes. No se acordaba de mí y creo que mis palabras no le refrescaron gran cosa la memoria. Ello era muy natural despues de tanto tiempo y en un hombre de su clase, pero no dejó de causarme cierto desencanto, muy saludable, sin duda. Algo semejante me pasó en mi visita a Morelia con casi todas las cosas y personas..

Han empezado a publicar la vida de Conchita Cabrera en la revista La Cruz. Creo que a V.R. le gustará leerla; a mí me ha causado gran edificación y consuelo. Voy a mandar encuadernar los números del año pasado y lo enviaré a Vuestra Reverencia.

Ayer tuve Retiro de todo el día con los jóvenes de la A.C.J.M. de los que soy Asistente. Yo mismo les escribí las meditaciones y espero que algo les haya aprovechado. Pero tiene razón V.R.: tengo que contemporizar con mis nervios. Acabé el día verdaderamente deshecho.

Le ruego pida mucho a Nuestro Señor disponga lo que mejor se acomode a su gloria y al bien de mi alma. Hoy empieza la visita provincial y hay ciertos rumores -tal vez del todo gratuitos- de que puedan ponerme de prefecto de postulantes. Temo por mis nervios y así se lo diré con sencillez al M.R.P. Provincial en caso necesario. Es verdad que, teniendo por Asistente al Padre Mena, se me aliviaría muchísimo la carga, pues nos entendemos perfectamente, al grado que nos confesamos mutuamente. Que se haga, pues, lo que Nuestro Señor quiera.

Con el Padre Daube le mandé a V.R. un cuadernito con notas espirituales del Cardenal Merry del Val. Espero le guste. Tan pronto como tenga calma de formularlo, le enviaré el cuestionario que me pide.

Los Padres Mena y Camacho envían a V.R. muy respetuosos y afectuosos saludos.

No se olvide, amado Padre, de su hijo espiritual que lo recuerda siempre en la Santa Misa y besa su mano:

Adolfo Castillo
9- febrero -
P.D. Hay me ha llegado el nombramiento. Ruegue V.R. por mí y por los que me están encomendados.

B. /ao 7 Febrero 1948

Queridísimo hermano: Hemos recibido tu cariñosa carta y en ella comprobamos que está mejor nosotros bien gracias a Dios.

Cuando recibimos tu carta la Madre estaba aquí, que emoción le causó que con tanta se puso nos dijo que tenía mas ganas que nunca de verte.

Requiere nos rogando para que te hagas un auto y salve muchas almas.

Angel, Xavier, Pedro, tienen muchas ganas de conocerte ya que no te conocen mas que en fotografía.

Que Dios siga bendiciendo te muy

mucho

Se despiden estos que tanto le
quieran y no se olvidan.

M. Delacruz

ST. GALL CONVENT
5514 S. KEDZIE AVE.
CHICAGO 29, ILL.

J. M. J.

February 8, 1948

Reverend Father Abaspine:

Dear Father,

I greet our dear Lord living within you and thank Him for so great a gift to you. May He be forever blessed.

It is many months now that I have planned definitely to write to you, but I have never succeeded until now; besides I procrastinate much.

First I must thank you for being so kind and thoughtful of my parents in writing to console them when you knew that their hearts were suffering. Last September they brought me two of your beautiful letters to read. They treasure them very highly and took them home again to keep. Thank you, too, for sending them John's letters. They felt that you were making a sacrifice in doing so and did not like to deprive you of your treasures.

I thank you, too, for your letter of November 1946 to me. How long I have taken to answer! It seems to me that

you already know about me and
our community at St. Gall in general,
so I will not repeat. You know how
much I need God and how little
I do about getting Him, or rather
about letting Him do as He wills.

It is so long since He has been
in any way sensible to me that
I get very lonesome and sometimes
I get tired of trying. I think it is
a time when God wants pure faith
but sometimes I would like to rebel.
I am not always so good. Especially,
when just now I have an aversion
or antipathy toward our Superior.
You know she is Mother St. Emily's
niece and in some ways very
much like her. I cannot agree
with what appear to be her
principles and her philosophy
of superiority.

That is enough. I did not
write to be telling you such things.

When I saw Sister Mary Mediatrix
at Christmas, she said to me, "Send
Father Our love." I believe that Sister
suffers very much in Beaverville. Her
Superior, Mother Viator, has been suffering

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from a growth on her temple. They operated to remove it and discovered that it was malignant, that means cancerous, and they say the knowledge of it is telling on Mother Viator.

At retreat in August when Sister Mary Mediatrix made her perpetual vows, she left an envelope at my place. It contained a relic of the Little Flower of Jesus and a holy card of the Blessed Virgin, the Mediatrix of the Priest. A vested priest is kneeling at Mary's feet and holding up a Host just over with Mary's Heart. Mary is standing. A large halo behind them both says, "Mater Christi - Mater Gratiae." On the back Frances wrote in her steady hand:

"O Beata Trinitas!

Draw us after Thee in the odour of Thy ointments and pour us out for countless souls:

Thy other

Jesus Hostia
and

Calix Salvatorem

Always

In Him

With Him

and Through Him and Mary
Sr. M. Mediatrix "

At Christmas, Frances sent me a card which she had made herself. On the front were two candles, some flowers, and an open book. Inside she wrote:

"O God, who hast made this most holy night to shine forth with the brightness of the True Light, grant, we beseech Thee, that we who have known the mystery of His Light on earth, may attain the enjoyment of His happiness in heaven."

"Together may we be burned out by the Light of His Love."

"From the chalice to the Host."
(The underlining is Frances' own.)

In spite of my sterility and impotence, one thing remains - my desire to belong wholly to God, to be His Victim of divine Love, His living Host. Too, I want always to be offered for you and your priests as God once inspired me to ask to do.

Please pray that I may be ever faithful, because I believe that fidelity is very necessary in these conditions of soul. Also, I need to learn to submit my will when an aversion to the person of the authority makes me want to rebel. I also need to stop so much unnecessary thinking over of things which I dislike. It only makes matters worse.

Father, please forgive me for trying your patience with this letter. Thank you for your prayers for me, our congregation, and our confessor. He is still with us. Your co-missionary,

Sister Mary Christine

Billboard 2 vol 80
Don. Juan dias me
Gustava de
Luis. nosotros bien
Dios a legamos
al recibir la tuya. y
ella te ena...
Dices que esposa que
ganas de con... y
mucho como que
por aqui. mas
vitegron todos.
de una esposa
y yo te en...
cuando y
de...
puente hasta
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en lo. Vigan y en los almendros. D
proprietario. eso que nado. para
aellante. porque gracias a dios
tengo mucha salud. En mi dices
que seras mucho por mi y con lo
tambien en los oraciones. Los 4
de nuestro quando fuere
chocebr. pero mucho por mi
para que no me falte el pan
de cada dia porque todo lo de.
mis dias nos da a cada uno
precedido. y cuando fue temido.
esta mal meate. El a ba porque
y todo llevo con verguazon
porque luego. pero todo pasado
porque premendo lo bien son por los
vito para vites aqui.
fueron. pero mi mas querida
hermano haber si en cas la siguiente
te eran lo diciendo. que es lo
mejor que ahora todavia

do. madre se pone muy contenta
cuando. hablamos de ti. pero no he
quien le haga venir a Bilbao. porque
s. falta de nuestro querido hermano.
D. E. P. D. no se mas que por sus
miets. y nos. le quiere de las cosas. y
yo en frente le doy mi razon. y
como ello. es tan buena. y tan bonda-
dosa. quien le va quitar su voluntad.
perdote todos queremos que venga
a Bilbao. y sobre todo. a permanecer.
que es tan amante de su madre. y
me espuso. Vigan te que a cual mas
buenos son los dos. te vuelvo a repetir
hablando de ti. nunca se cansa. enton-
do tus oras de pequeño que son fuer-
desvistes de ser para ello. y no solamente
la madre sino muchos vecinos tambien.
bueno. si me mas te desvistes. con
un abrazo fuerte. y con mi salud
de mi esposa. Carlos Juan Luis
era mucho por nosotros.
Carlos Juan Luis

SAINT ELIZABETH CONVENT

14637 KITTRIDGE STREET
VAN NUYS, CALIFORNIA

February 14, 1948

Dear Father Aloysius,

Shortly after leaving you on Thursday it occurred to me that Doctor Philip T. Hoeffler's home in Alhambra might serve as a Novitiate for your Community if the Doctor still wishes to sell.

Last June his daughter remarked to me that her father had in mind to sell because the place is too large for them. This home is located on Hoeffler Drive just off Vega Street only one block from the Carmelite Church and Monastery.

If this place is not desirable I might suggest that you ask Father Murray's assistant, Fr. Ryan, to help you locate a place.

Fr. Ryan has many contacts with influential persons and I know of no one who is more accomodating than he is.

In the meantime I shall endeavor to contact some friends of mine who may be of some assistance.

To tell you of the happiness and peace of soul that has been mine since Thursday would be utterly impossible. The feeling of depression left me and now I am more encouraged. Father, I am holding fast to the idea that I must take Magdalen's place with Him in love and in sorrow for my sins. A strange feeling came over me yesterday at the twelfth station as I made the Way of the Cross. There is no doubt, God is directing my soul through you. This is an answer to my

SAINT ELIZABETH CONVENT

14637 KITTRIDGE STREET

VAN NUYS, CALIFORNIA

prayers. I want, so much, to love Him as you do, and really, Father, I just can't express my eagerness to accomplish all that you have suggested for me.

My brother was so pleased with the message you sent to him through me. He realizes what a miracle of grace God has given me.

You asked me to let you know if I have noticed any improvement in my physical condition. Thus far I have not, however I have great confidence in the blessing given me. Perhaps, when I return the next time you will be kind enough to

—give this blessing again not only to cure my arthritis but also the very severe headaches that I so frequently have. Perhaps I have no right even to expect a release from my suffering when, in truth, I deserve so much. God will grant it His way!

The dollar that I am enclosing was given to me, as a gift, to be used for a Mass Offering. It is my pleasure to ask you, please, to say this Holy Mass for your own intention.

Thank you, Father, for the time you spent with me Thursday. I am so deeply grateful to you.

Devotedly in the Sacred Heart,

Sister Mary Virginia

J. M. J.

February 15, 1948

My dear Spiritual Father:

Thank you for your kind letter of January 26th - Your words, particularly the assurance of your prayers are a great comfort to me. There isn't much to say other than what I have already many times written you, the ache that is in my heart because of the days of fervor gone, God and His love which seem gone from me these many years. Yet, my faith tells me in the numberless occasions where His protecting hand has saved us, He is really with me. I have no assurance within myself, and no certainty of His grace, but I try to live for Him in spite of the darkness, and hopefully try to trust in Him. This is truly a great suffering as you no doubt know. There is no outlet but to do one's best, and trustfully leave the rest to Him. That is what I am trying to do. I hope the good sisters to whom you are confessor appreciate what God has given them, if they don't the day will come when they will wish they had. It seems there is no one to understand, and it is quite useless to seek help - There is God, only God, and He is so far and so silent. You are so far away, correspondence is difficult and most times my work is too heavy to permit even a few lines for one's intimate needs. Self comes last when there is work to be done. Sister St. John is taking her third month of rest this year, since September, so her work has for the most part added to my already heavy program. I was sorely tempted to disgust and embitterment about it, but decided that was quite foolish, since God is permitting it it must be for my good, if I will let work to my betterment. No matter how I look at it, assuming the office work, definitely forced me to neglect my duties to the sisters, and I am torn between fires as it were, I thoroughly dislike living like this, but I am helpless to do anything about it, since God doesn't choose to. I keep asking Him what He is thinking about, but He doesn't even answer me, and silently does His Will. He knows best, but I can't understand what it is all about, and I don't enjoy it one bit. I'm afraid the reluctance of Simon the Cyrenean doesn't hold a straw to mine. I am ashamed to write you this, but truth is truth. I used to think I was generous of nature, but I'm not, and I am so fatigued most the time, that nothing matters too much. My energies, my fervor, everything has died down, except the old EGO which seems strong as ever. I live in a restless uncertainty and yet why should I, I have God and the Sacraments, and I do love Him even if I think I don't, and I want to do the things that please Him, even if I don't do them, I know He cares for me as His weakest child with the tenderest of love. I love the Eternal Father, but my love has waned, grown cold, I no longer rest in His arms in a loving abandonment. What am I doing? I don't really know, I think nothing. Nothingness is capable of nothing, so what else can my love expect of me? I am trying to live in faith and love, and trust Him blindly, and hope that in eternity I will be on His side.

For Lent, for the first time since 1940, I am not fasting. I am saying the Stations of the Cross daily and the Sorrowful Mysteries of the Rosary. I figure I need to pray more, or at least attempt to. It doesn't seem quite right not to fast, but I am not up to it this year, and feel I cannot do anything that will unfit me for the work I must do. I hope you approve of this.

As regards the sisters and my dealings with them, I am having no difficulties, but I do little to help them, outside my duty, as my efforts were rejected generally when I had any advice to give. I decided in the early days of my office, that the least I say the better, so for the most part I have limited myself to casual remarks and increased my prayers. Two, who were serious problems have converted themselves and are making giant strides in perfecting themselves. I speak of S. St. Ignatius, and S. Scholastica. While I feel I have been a failure, I am comforted in the knowledge that at least two have drawn closer to God through my efforts. I have seen some very discouraging times when open rebellion was common among several, and with every move I made, recourse was had to Canon Law, and the accusations made against me, were such, that if true, I would have been sent. It was at this time that I wrote and asked the Ecclesiastical Superior to come for a visitation. I could not bear to live on in the "hell" that raged about, nor could I cast aside the pleadings of the more fervent, to do something, because they could not bear to live in this manner. He came, was very kind and understanding and helpful, and advised the Major superiors what they should do. The sister who was the cause of most of the trouble was given a Canonical reprimand, and I, too, was severely reprimanded for asking the Eccles. superior to come. It was good for my soul, and I believe I accepted it right. Nevertheless, things bettered after that, and I am

AIR
MAIL

CONVINCED I did the one and only thing that was left to be done. It took much courage, but as with all other difficult things God carried me through it, we give our assent and He does the work, isn't that right? - I was quite disturbed at the reaction of the "higher ups", you see, my action forced them to act, but the retreat master reassured me - he even seemed to get a "bang" out of it.

April 15, 1948 - I note it is two months since I began writing you, but I lost spirit after I finished the first page, and I was rushed with work, and so exhausted, I had no energy or desire left to do anything, so the unfinished letter waited for me, It was nice it waited!

I cannot write without interruption during the day, and my reserve prefers a quiet time, so I am using the half hour before Holy Mass. Speaking of Holy Mass, please ask God, He might listen to you, to help me be more attentive during Mass, I am engulfed in a sea of distractions at that time, enough to make any sane person dizzy, sometimes I wonder if I am myself, my mind is in such a whirl. If this is a trial it ought to be about finished, I don't know what fervor is ~~in~~ anymore. How can I continue to live like this? Surely, God must do something soon. You ask Him, please?

Now, we are confronted with another thing - you know, this is my last year at Manteno, you know, too, how I have wanted to get out of the job. Well, Rev. Mother asked me if I would be willing to stay on another year, as no-one else's term is up. I have been such a failure, I had hoped they would let me be just little me, and that they were just waiting for my term to be up, I know I was. To leave me on, they would have to have an indult from Rome, and that would be another visit of the Eccles. Superior. That part doesn't bother me, because he is very kind and fatherly, and I wouldn't mind staying on another year here, because things are running smoothly and there is, they tell me, a beautiful spirit, among the sisters. But I sure don't like the prospect of being the superior someplace else, after my experiences here. Couldn't I respectfully resign from any further superiorship, without displeasing God. Some of the saints did that, and they are still saints. At the rate I am going I'll be lucky if St. Peter even lets me through the gate.

Rev. Mother has asked me to pray with her, and let her know any thoughts that run through my mind. The only one here who could take the position at all, as I see it, is S. St. Sebastian. I don't know who would take her place as she has a big job, or if she is really ready for something like that yet. I am sure God knows. She surely couldn't have more trouble than I had. It is no easy task to be mother of 23 sisters. I am telling you this, as I thought you might pray the Holy Spirit to enlighten Rev. Mother what to do. Tell Him, He doesn't have to bother stopping off my way, because I would be afraid of choosing my own cross, the ones He sends are hard enough to take. This is the first time I have no inkling at all, as God usually prepares me for what is coming. My mind is just a cold blank in this as in everything else. I hate being like this, and yet I am forever telling God not to pay any attention to me. I read an article in the Review for Religious about Thanksgiving after Holy Communion which helped me not a little. I am asking Him at those precious moments to help me, and further His work in me, to increase His sanctifying grace in my soul and in that of those confided to me.

It is time for Holy Mass, so I shall close, as I am mailing this today. I shall enclose some Mass stipends.

Remember I count on your holy prayers, and you are not forgotten in mine; they are so unfruitful though, that I offer some of my sufferings for you and your intentions. God love you and be mindful of your desires and prayers.

Your Spiritual Daughter,

Sister Mary

AIR ¹⁰
MAIL

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Remember I count on your holy prayers, and you are not forgotten in mine; they are so unfruitful though, that I offer some of my sufferings for you and your intentions. God love you and be mindful of your desires and prayers.

Your Spiritual Daughter,

Sister Mary

AIR MAIL

SAINT PATRICK ACADEMY
MOMENCE, ILLINOIS

J. M. J.

February 20, 1948

Rev. Father Aloysius Ellacuria, C.M.F.,
Mominguez Seminary,
Compton, California.

Rev. dear Father:

Enclosed kindly find Mass stipends which I would appreciate your taking care of for me. If possible, I would appreciate your saying the Masses on March 4, my dear mother's birthday for her and my father; and likewise for my intentions on March 19th and April 21. If you cannot say the others, kindly arrange to have them said. Thank you.

I have delayed writing to you purposely. My reaction to your last letter was not so favorable. Although I do need and wish your help very much, I do not care to be an inconvenience to you and I felt from your letter that I probably was. Rev. Mother Rose Mary, however, has told me to continue writing to you just the same.

The past months have continued as practically all since last summer to be filled with the blackest darkness. Shortly after Christmas I received a beautiful letter from Father Moisant in which he spoke of this as the year of my silver jubilee. He said: "What memories have been stored up of the years that have gone all too soon. Years of sorrow, many keen disappointments, of struggles for God misunderstood, frustrated efforts by unsympathetic co-laborers. But years of deep grace. Heroisms that made the Heart of your Spouse leap with enthusiasm. Fidelity to Him was uppermost when all was blackest. Temptations to treason against Him make the reason of a stronger and deeper affection. A thousand other triumphs that will make the silver crown of your jubilee scintillate the life of an angel that has passed through the garden of sorrows to the arms of God, her Lover. Let these be days of brilliant joy. Abandon all introspection. Only look at the light on the top of Love's mountain and count the Joys of conquest after the victories of defeat like Jesus on the mount of the ascension. The past is of the grave yard except the crowning glory of persever-

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ance in spite of the world, ourselves, friends or the devil. That is all that counts."

As I meditated and thought upon all of this, my heart and soul were filled with the deepest sorrow and regret. When I think of all that has happened during the years and at times my little correspondence with the graces given me , I would give anything to be able to relive them and relive them differently.

We had our retreat for the high school girls at the end of January. The retreat master was a Jesuit who had given us our monthly conferences two years ago, a very saintly and holy priest. I spoke to him in confession and he urged me to practice faith in all that I have been going through. He said it was all right to offer up the suffering but likewise to accept it with a deep act of faith. The following day we had our own day of recollection. I went to confession again and spoke to our retreat master- he urged me never again to give way to discouragement- he said that I might be beaten down but to ~~the~~ hold so strongly to my present convictions that all was happening as God wished for the good of my soul that that I would never yield to discouragement again.

A few weeks ago we had our yearly meeting at St. Peter's for the Enthronement of the Sacred Heart. Father Cuthbert spoke to the Sisters and emphasized so strongly that sanctity on the part of the Sisters would bring about the social reign of the Sacred Heart. He said that sanctity resulted from the practice of obedience and that of heroic obedience. In the afternoon, I went to confession to Father Cuthbert and I spoke to him. Not long ago I happened to be at the hospital in Kankakee and Father Moisant was there at the time. I had the opportunity of a good talk with him. When I told him of the utter blackness and darkness of the past five months, he remarked that practically my entire life had been one of darkness. He went on to tell me that my acceptance of the suffering God has sent me was a necessity for me. He spoke of the many and great graces which God had given me, how He had always watched over and kept me faithful to Him in spite of myself , and how He had used this means of

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suffering for me to enable me to help in the salvation of souls. He told me that before my death, I would understand why it had all been so. Father gave me the opportunity of going to confession and of receiving the grace of general absolution.

After this, I believe that I realized better than I had, the deep debt of gratitude I owed our dear Lord for all that He has done for me and I accepted all in a spirit of love and reparation. The bitterness, discouragement and utter futility of it all disappeared and while I did not enjoy real peace of soul, at least there was not that terrific conflict.

Before Lent, I went in to see my doctor to see if I could have permission to rise at ten to five with the community. I had been resting until six since October. The doctor gave me permission to try it and also to fast. This, together with my practice of obedience, sums up my resolutions for Lent. I find them difficult but with His grace, I have been faithful. I enjoy no sensible consolations whatsoever; as far as feeling goes, there is absolutely none. I realize that feelings count for nothing and that one must live on faith. Have you ever read the book entitled: "Faith and Darkness" an essay on Divine Contemplation by a Jesuit? I have read it recently and found it most enlightening on the question of faith.

I trust that my letter has not been a burden to you. I beg your blessing and your prayers that I may spend Lent as He wishes and that it may bring me closer to Him. I am deeply grateful to you for your prayers and your kindnesses to me.

Gratefully in Him

Sister Mary Dolores

J.M.Y.

441 N. Bristol = L.A. 24

Feb. 28 — 48

Dear Father,

I felt all afternoon that I should call you but was prevented from doing so — when free this evening it was almost 8 p.m. I was afraid it might be too late — I trust you are well & that all is pleasant with you — I have an extremely sore mouth since last Monday I don't know what causes it — perhaps I talk too much — About a month ago I woke up and it seemed a hand was choking me — I put my hand up on top of the hand, it was hairy & my angel said, I was saved thru my rosary which was around my neck where I wear it every night because I get so frightened — Lost Thurs. my hands, feet, head etc were hurting so badly that I asked fr. Trant to bless them with holy water — the

pain & sickness² lessened considerably.
I felt fairly well till evening
had a bad night and after Fr. M.
blessed me in the am I again
got relief = on the way to visit
you father the pain in my head
became violent - relief again after
you blessed me — almost as soon
as we reached the highway a con-
dition of pain & sickness set in
accompanied by a spiritual condi-
tion hard to describe — I was literally
crucified in Ruth's car — I held my
sides in one hand, my rosary in
the other & I had Ruth's rosary (7 dolors)
around my neck — My soul was in
the keenest anguish — fear, despair
finally complete resignation & abandon-
ment to God's holy will. I just about
collapsed & when I reached home
had to lie down immediately from
weakness — The two missionaries
& ~~Fr. Maughan~~ blessed me before
leaving for church in the evening
while they were gone I had another

Father, I missed This page so I'll tell you two visions I received
had one an after mass as I was making my thanksgiving
suddenly seemed to be in some place all covered with snow
perhaps I tell you already - my Jesus came along with
a kind of robe by suspended from his shoulders by a
long strip of many ladies wear now a days - the ground
was hilly & he was walking along slowly barefoot
with only a white gown on him & he was sprinkling
seed out the snow, I went up to him and laughing
said but my Jesus don't you know nothing was growing
the snow - he slowly turned his head to answer
as he kept on sprinkling seed & said, I am
planting the seed of my love in the heart of Russia.

I seemed standing on a boat back of our Lady she was
dressed like our Lady of Lourdes and her dress & veil
were blowing in the breeze the boat was manned
by angels instead of sailors, they were fixing the mast
and the boat was large & stood in shallow
water - there was a great expanse of land &
near the boat there was a ~~stage~~ hedge of green
thousands of people were rushing madly down one
lane towards great waves white swallows then
up in the further lane ~~they~~ were climbing
the hill to high ground our Lady stood with her
arms extended begging the people to come to her - I was not afraid

doctor As father ⁽⁴⁾ had to leave he
blessed me & gave me general
absolution — Dolores tried one
doctor after the other called by
& Supr. gave her doctors names ^{names}
but no Dr. could be found finally
Supr. said she would send ambulance
but in the meantime the office
called the police & they came ^{fast}
with a fire squad & pulmotor
a taxi came & my blessed
Theresa ^{sister} came & took me to hospital
Dr. worked with lights & swabs
for half hr. without results
by that time I was not struggling
but in great pain all they ^{could}
could see was my throat ^{scab}
from side to side & bleeding
they tried twice to freeze it
but it would not freeze ^{fully}
they said if I did not recover
it meant a major operation

they sent ⁵ me home & I went
to bed - Fr. T. came in and blessed
me with holy water - Dolores
gave them lunch & they
went to their rooms - ~~and~~
Suddenly I began to have spasms
Fr. Murray could better tell
you that part - Dolores sat on
the bed and held me - all
those holy priests were around
me blessing me with holy water
& praying - Fr. T. went & got h. water
came & blessed the back of my
neck and then all around
my head like a crown
the agony was terrible - Fr. M.
and the missionaries were
so sweet & kind - finally Fr. M.
poured a glass of holy water
& said, Mary drink this, altho I could
not swallow without intense pain
I took it & got it down slowly
He said, now you will be all

right child, (6) you know why you
suffer you must pay for the
souls you have drawn back into
the church — once when I was so
bad I apologised for crying so
hard & Fr. T. said; you are only
a human being & God does
not expect more than you
can bear — no one could suffer
as you do without crying or
showing it some way — after
I drank the holy water the
spasms stopped my throat
gradually returned to normal
it neither bled or hurt and
by midnight I was perfectly
well — Fr. M. told me the
next day that he had to tell
Fr. K. because after such a
show some explanation was
necessary —

I'm too tired to write any more

father I'll have to finish
some other time.

Dolores was so sweet after
each spasm I became so weak
and limp my head fell over
on her shoulder and she
mothered me like a little
hen worried about her baby.
As I suffered externally I
received great spiritual
grace & I know that God
also blessed the fathers
in a special way—

I have gradually grown worse until
this ~~Wed~~ Fri I just collapsed please pray
for me — I believe it was last Sat am
at mass that a ball of fire entered
my body from the right side — it
seemed to come from the tabernacle
I really think that is why I am
prostrate now and in my soul I
understood so our divine Lord entered
your soul and lives there sacramentally
only you are stronger than I am
and not over-powered by his presence
he burned me terribly like a
ball of fire that filled my torso
it did not burn outside or any
place else and I almost fainted &
had to leave the church & a voice
told me so Jesus had entered your
soul & lived with you — I
wish you could believe that our
dearest Lord is with you — the day
I was talking to you and Bl. Anthony
appeared to me the sacred Host
was all aglow in his breast & I was

told so my Jesus lived in you
my head, heart so much I
cant write any more perhaps
I can finish tomorrow —

Blessed Anthony was real dressed
like a Bishop and the divine
presence glowed from his breast
and I understood so our divine
savior dwelt sacramentally within
your heart —

I'm too weak so must
say good-bye thank you
so much for Masses and
prayers May Jesus and Mary
love you ever more & more
my father and may God
bless in every way those
entrusted to your care —
humbly

Mary
Father, this is Monday evening and I am
very bad — my head is one mass of sharp pain
and my hands draw up with that awful feeling
I am very ill — my mental condition is so bad
that all I can do is beg our Lady to keep me — the
evil one tempts me in every way dear god sometimes
I do not know what to do pray hard for me & ask Anthony Rich
to pray for me

April 18-48

My beloved Padre,

It seems so long since I wrote you or saw you that I hardly know where to begin — I am praying both day and night that our sweet Savior gives you all you desire because I know you desire only that which is for his greater glory — I cannot write much tonight as I am very weak. I became absolutely prostrate last Friday — Yesterday I thought I would go mad I suffered so intensely especially in my head and suddenly it seemed a light dawned and I vowed without thinking that I would collect money and build a shrine to our Immaculate mother on a high hill just as my Jesus has so often told me — I was desperate Father, I was afraid I was losing my mind — when suddenly

out of a clear sky I saw our
mother holding her baby
aloft & I promised her that
I would build a shrine in
her honor where she would
be known and loved and
where a continuous rosary
would be said by faithful
souls — & now I am afraid

I have instantly took that
terrible feeling out of my
head — thank God — I am
still very weak and ill but
not like that — I leave all
in God's hands but I have a
very strong feeling that I
must go back to see Bernard
some of these days —

Last Thursday Kiti suffered so
intensely for the sins of priests
I got very little sleep — Father
blessed me Fri — & since then